

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Cade.* The Duke of Yorke, nay I learnt it my selfe,  
For looke you, *Roger Mortimer* the Earle of March,  
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

*Staf.* Well, that's true: But what then?

*Cade.* And by her he had two children at a birth.

*Staf.* That's false.

*Cade.* I, but I say tis true.

*All.* Why then tis true.

*Cade.* And one of them was stolne away by a begger-woman,  
And that was my father, and I am his sonne,  
Deny it and you can.

*Nicke.* Nay looke you, I know was true;  
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,  
And the bricke is aliue at this day to testifie it.

*Cade.* But dost thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his  
fathers sake, in whose time boyes playde at span-counter with  
French Crownes, I am content that he shall be King as long as  
he liues: marry alwaies prouided, Ile be Protector ouer him.

*Staf.* O monstrous simplicity.

*Cade.* And tell him, wee'll haue the Lord *Sayes* head, and the  
Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of *Ani*  
and *Mayne*, and selling the Townes in France: by which means  
England hath bene maim'd euer since, and gone as it were with a  
crutch, but that my puissance held it vp. And besides, they can  
speake French, and therefore they are Traitors.

*Staf.* As how I prethee?

*Cade.* Why the Frenchmen are our enemies, be they not?  
And then can he that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a  
good subiect? Answer me to that.

*Staf.* Well sirra, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mer-  
cy, and he wil pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebelli-  
ous deeds?

*Cade.* Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then Ile  
pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it  
be long.

*Staf.* Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes,  
That those that will forsake the Rebelle Cade,

Shall

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Shall haue free pardon from his Maiesty.

*Exit Stafford and his*

*Cade.* Come sirs, S. George for vs and Kent.

*Exit o*

*Alarmer* to the battell, where sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his bro-  
thers are both slaine. Then enters Iacke Cade  
again, and the rest.

*Cade.* Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most  
bravely, and knockt them down as if thou hadst bin in thy flin-  
ter-house, and thus I will reward thee: The Lent shall  
be long againe as it was, and thou shalt haue license to kil fo-  
re and one a weeke. Drum strike vp, for now weel ma-  
ke London, and to morrow I mean to sit in the Kings seat at  
Westminster.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene with  
the Duke of Suffolkes head, and the Lord Say,  
with others.

*King.* Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother is slaine,  
And the Rebels march amaine to London.  
Go backe to them, and tell them thus from me,  
Ile come and parley with their Generall.

Yet stay, Ile reade the Letter once againe;  
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnly vow'd to haue thy  
head.

*Say.* I, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

*King.* How now Madam, still lamenting and mourn-  
ing for Suffolkes death? I feare my Loue if I had bin dead, thou  
wouldest not haue mourn'd so much for me.

*Qu.* No my loue, I should not mourne, but dye for thee.  
Enter a Messenger.

*Mes.* Oh flye my Lord, the Rebels are entred Southwarke,  
And haue almost wonne the Bridge,  
Calling your Grace an vsurper:

And that monstrous Rebelle Cade, hath sworne  
To crowne himselfe King in Westminster,  
Therefore flye my Lord, and post to Killingworth;

*King.* Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather  
An army vp, and meete with the Rebels.

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